SOUTHERN FARM NOTES.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE PLANTER, STOCKMAN AND TRUCK GROWER.

Ground For Corn.

Ground for corn should be plowed to a depth of six or eight inches and should be of a universal depth. A large number of our corn growers here use riding disc plows. The discs on the plows are so made that they pulverize the soil, leaving the surface in a splendid condition for corn planting.

Few realize the necessity of having a fine surface for corn. When the surface is made fine evaporation of moisture is greatly prevented which is so much needed, not only in starting the corn to grow, but in maintaining life until the corn has matured.

Therefore time spent in harrowing the ground is not at all ill spent where the ground is inclined to be rough or soddy.

I would encourage our young farmers to lay more stress on the preparation of the ground than that which it has received during past years.

After we succeed in getting the ground in the proper shape the planting of the seed is then in order and above all plant pure seed. Never select seed from a point more southerly than that where it is intended to be grown. The necessity of this becomes obvious when we realize that corn grown in the South will not mature in a Northern State on account of there being a difference in the length of the season. We usually plant to a depth of two or thre inches, but as to depth it matters but little so the seed is placed in soil that is moist.

The greater number of farmers in this section have their fields marked with an ordinary corn row marker then plant with a one-horse corn drill having an attachment which allows the corn to drop in hills, and this is operated by the driver.

In all probability it is in the cultivation that most of our farmers injure the prospect of a good crop. We usually cultivate our corn from three to five times not including the harrowing, which is usually applied twice. We give deep cultivation for the first time, using the large shovels, going as near as possible without plowing out the corn, when the second coat is somewhat modified, not going about half the depth of the previous cultivation nor as close to the corn. The third time more shallow, simply aiming to break the surface and pulverize it, which prevents evaporation of the moisture from the rootlets. After this cultivation we simply aim to prevent a crust forming on the surface, thereby causing the moisture to seek an outlet through the stalks, which greatly aids in sustaining life, especially during dry seasons.—T. F. McGlynn.

For Keeping and Turning Eggs.

When keeping eggs for hatching most breeders turn them every day or two with the idea of keeping the germ from sticking to the shell or becoming inert. The illustration shows a com-

DEVICE FOR TURNING EGGS.

bination egg drawer and turner which has been successfully adapted from an old device for turning eggs in an incubator. The bottom of the drawer to be made over is removed and a roller fixed at each end. The rear roller is covered with a good-sized roll of cloth, which the front roller unwinds with the aid of the crank attached, as shown.

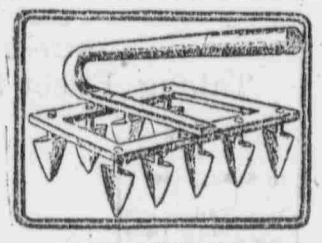
The partitions may be taken from an old egg case, or made to fit. Unwinding the roll a very short distance jostles every egg and turns it sufficiently. It is possible, however, that too much emphasis is usually placed on the need of turning eggs. I have had as good success with eggs kept a month without turning and without moving more than once or twice, as with eggs turned every day.—American Agriculturist.

Tobacco Growing in Florida.

Probably the majority of tobacco growers in Florida will find it to their best interests to plant limited areas, from one up to five or six acres, and cultivate those on the intensive system. An instructive example is furnished by a grower near Jacksonville, who has sixteen acres of mixed crops under cultivation, but devotes only one or a little over to tobacco. The intensive features of this practice consist in heavy manuring—he gives eighty loads of well rotted horse manure to the acre—close planting to make thin, silky leaves; the saving of every leaf, free from worm holes, and sound, and therefore fit for wrappers; and the development of a sucker crop, which gives him practically an all summer harvest. North Florida tobacco growers seek a sandy loam with red clay subsoil, but avoid a surface clay soil as being too heavy. In south Florida they select, if possible, a soil producing hardwood timber, such as hickory, oak, magnolia, gum, etc., though excellent crops of tobacco have been grown on pine land. A new gray or "mulatto" hammock is also considered good. A limestone subsoil is a favorable indication, but not the massive "rotten limestone" which occurs in some sections of the State. A good orange soil is generally a good tobacco soil; one with a free, yellow subsoil underlaid with clay. Low, heavy flatwoods soil is to be avoided. Some very fine textured leaf has been produced on this class of soils the past few years, but it is found to have so much weight and body as to require a year or more in curing satisfactorily, and is believed to be chiefly adapted for filler. The aim of the Florida growers should be to produce the highest possible percentage of fine wrappers in their crops, since the soils of this State are too thin to be able to compete with the fertile farms of Kentucky, Texas and Mexico in growing abundant yields of low-priced filler.—F. H. Sweet.

New Garden Implement.

A new kink in the construction of garden hoes for hand use has been worked out by an inventor who recently secured a patent on the same. The new device is quite different from the hoe of the usual type, as will be seen, and consists of a rectangular framework, the lower surface of which is fitted with a number of teeth shaped



A NEW GARDEN HOE.

like spear heads. A number of the teeth are set with their flat sides parallel to the direction of the movement of the implement, while the others are set in the opposite direction. This design of tool and particularly the arrangement of the teeth is said to greatly facilitate the operation of pulverizing the ground.—Philadelphia Record.

Curl Leaf of the Peach.

One of the troublesome things that the peach grower has to contend with is peach leaf curl. It comes from germs that winter over in the bark of the trees and on the buds. When spring opens they germinate and cover the under side of the leaves, causing them to fail to develop properly and become wrinkled and distorted, and sometimes to die. This in turn causes the fruit to fail to grow well, because of the lack of nourishment. It is sometimes so serious as to cause the fruit to drop and the crop to be a failure.

There is nothing so good to use as a preventive as sulphate of copper. Bordeaux mixture is the best form in which to apply it, because it sticks to the branches better than the preparations that do not have lime as one of the component parts. The time to make the most effective application is just as the buds are opening. Another spraying about ten days later will also do good.

In making Bordeaux mixture the lime and sulphate of copper should be thoroughly dissolved separately, and then diluted with water almost to the full amount that will be necessary for spraying, before putting them together. If they are put together in an undiluted condition a chemical action takes place that causes the mixture to be far less effective as a germ destroyer than if it had not taken place.—Southern Fruit Grower.

Sore Shoulders of Work Horses.

The heavy work season of the farm nearly always occasions galled shoulders of work horses. Here is a simple and cheap way to prevent this:

Take an ordinary sweat pad and cover the surface next to the shoulder with white, soft oilcloth. Be very careful to have it put on very smooth, without any wrinkles or lumps on its surface. The cover is put on by neatly sewing it with strong thread, so that it will not be displaced. The trouble with the horses' shoulders in this respect is caused by sweating, and as the oilcloth presents a cool, dry surface and does not hold the dampness as leather or cloth does, it prevents the shoulders from becoming sore in almost every instance.

At the burial of a South London man his six dogs draped in black followed the cortege.

The Nervous Strain in One Type of Conversation

By S. M. Crothers.

ONE very serious drawback to our pleasure in conversation with a too well informed person is the nervous strain that is involved. We are always wondernig what will happen when he comes to the end of his resources. After listening to one who discourses with surprising accuracy upon any particular topic we feel a delicacy in changing the subject. It seems a mean trick, like suddenly removing the chair on which a guest is about to sit down for the evening. With one who is interested in a great many things he knows little about there is no such difficulty. If he has passed the first flush of youth it no longer embarrasses him to be caught now and then in a mistake; indeed your correction is welcomed as an agreeable interruption, and serves as a starting point for a new series of observations.

The pleasure of conversation is enhanced if one feels assured not only of wide margins of ignorance, but also of the absence of any uncanny quickness of mind.

I should not like to be neighbor to a wit. It would be like being in proximity to a live wire. A certain insulating film of kindly stupidity is needed to give a margin of safety to human intercourse. There are certain minds whose processes convey the impression of alternating currents of high voltage on a wire that is not quite large enough for them. From such I would withdraw myself.

One is freed from all such apprehensions in the companionship of people who make no pretensions to any kind of cleverness. "The laughter of fools is like the crackling of thorns under a pot." What cheerful sounds! The crackling of the dry thorns and the merry bubbling of the pot!—Atlantic Monthly.

An Undesirable Quality.

MUCH unhappiness springs from self consciousness, and the undue importance given mere emotions. The wailings over hopeless lives and lost lovers and blighted careers and unrealized ambitions go on forever, and we read of people cutting short their existence in an agony of misplaced self-pity! Of course all these romantic agonies are misreadings of the relative importance of the individual and the world. They spring from the great mistake of not realizing one's personal unimportance and the transitory character of almost all disappointments. If people could be induced to look clearly and impartially at their own position in the midst of the world, at its greatness and interest and at their insignificance, a great deal of society's wasted feeling in sorrow and disappointment would be saved.

Let us look at the matter fairly. What right have we above all others to expect our ambition to be speedily gratified? What right have we to expect fame or happiness beyond the common share? Does not the world abound with cleverer and wiser and worthier persons? We are of limited importance, to ourselves and to the world. Even the greatest of men drop away from the front of life's march and are scarcely missed. Last year they may have had a power that could bear influence in every part of the world. This year they may be old gentlemen toddling about a garden in retirement. What then are we of the rank and file that we should set up as persons of consideration whose lot the world ought to understand and appreciate? The truth is that we are quite unimportant and had much better feel our insighificant relation to the whole.

If we once fairly and squarely consider this question aright, we shall see that there is nothing worth striving for in this world in comparison with the common aims of being good men, clean of life, straight in our dealings, tender in our consideration for others, simple in our pleasures and hopes.

You cannot afford to waste time and attention on your own importance. Once begin to think too sedulously of that, and you will think of little else. It will warp your nature and spoil your manners. The man or woman who is possessed by a feeling of self-importance is never fully at ease, and never a really desirable companion, being quick to resent supposed slights, whereas the people who do not worry themselves with thoughts about themselves will be natural and dignified, with an unconscious elevation of spirit that makes their presence desired by all who know them.—Waverley Magazine.

President and People.

The Sentiment of the American Citizen For the Impersonal Executive.

By Henry Loomis Nelson.

THE President is an object of curiosity, but he is also the most distinguished man in the country. Crowds, it is true, flock at railway stations to see other men, and there is a catholic and democratic indiscrimination in the popular eagerness to behold with the eye of sense those who are in the newspapers. The attraction may be a prize fighter, or a soldier, or a prince, or a jester, or an anarchist, but the President is something different. He is an idea. He is the eidolon of the Government. The people go to see him not only from curiosity, not only "to be able to say that I've seen him," as the phrase goes; there is also an element of patriotism in their feeling for him; they want to pay him respect.

An absence of the critical spirit or mood, usually so characteristic of the American attitude toward individuals, is noticeable among the groups of people who are waiting in the White House in anticipation of seeing the President. There is unmitigated, unqualified pleasure from the anticipation. There is absolute joy from the touch of his right hand, the common property of the Nation. There is nearly always awkwardness in their greeting of him. Proud as they have been in the thought of coming into actual personal contact with the head of the Government, and proud as they will afterward be of the honor of their visit, many of the President's callers shake his hand in visible trepidation, and are eager to pass on, dreading apparently lest he speak in such a way as to require a response. Even the pert, who are determined to address him, are clearly embarrassed, and rarely say precisely what they intended. To the mass of American citizens who are represented in these visiting bodies—neighborhood excursionists, temperance, Masonic, commercial travelers, and other flocks of citizenship—the office of President is impressive—still the most impressive of American institutions.

The American may entirely disapprove of his President and his policy; may even believe the lies that are told concerning his personal habits; may on the street, at his office, or in his shop, or even at home, deride him, and express contempt for his political opinions; may go so far as to look upon him as an enemy of the country, for the American partisan is extravagant and even hysterical; but when he is in the presence of the President he seems tongue-tied, as if he were before what they call in monarchies "our august ruler." Thus we catch a glimpse of the true sentiment of the private American citizens for the impersonal President.—The Century.

Turkish Money in New York City.

The statement that New York City has borrowed $1,000,000 of the Imperial Ottoman Bank of Constantinople is an odd commingling of the Old World and the New.

Nobody supposed that Turkey had money to lend, nor has she. The Imperial is Turkey's State Bank, but it is financed by English and French houses.

The bank has had troubles of its own. The Armenian massacres of a few years ago began in a determined attack on the bank, which is ensconced in a splendid stone building, strong as a fort, half way up the Pera hill. It is well guarded and "stood off" the assault.

Only the other day an incident of the Macedonian troubles was an attack on a branch of the Imperial Bank, which has offices in a number of smaller Turkish towns. Banking is strenuous under such conditions, but it seems to pay, if the bankers have a million to lend to the New York metropolis.—New York World.

The gulf stream is 200 fathoms deep off Cape Florida. Near Cape Hatteras the depth is only half as great, the stream appearing to have run uphill, with an ascent of ten inches to the mile.

The Funny Side of Life.

THE HERO OF THE HOUR.

You want to lionize him and
He gladly lets you.
He smiles and shakes you by the hand
And then forgets you.
—Washington Star.

DEEP MOURNING.

"Mrs. Jones seems to be heartbroken over her husband's death."

"Yes, even her hair has turned black again."—Brooklyn Life.

COULD MOVE.

The Exasperated One—"I'm afraid, sir, this town isn't big enough to hold both of us!"

The Imperturbable—"H'm—why don't you start a suburb?"—Tit-Bits.

HER DEVOTED KNIGHT.

"I ain't got no coat to lay down for you to walk on, like that feller in the story books, but I'll be hanged if I'm a goin' ter be beat in perliteness by a 'urriner anyway."—New York Times.

AN ULTIMATUM.

Mrs. Enpeck—"Henry, are you going to put up that shelf to-day or not?"

Enpeck—"Well, my dear, you see——"

Mrs. Enpeck—"That will do, now. Either put up or shut up."—Chicago News.

NOT A GOLD MINE.

"But I don't believe," he said, "that a man profits by his mistakes."

"You don't?"

"No, I don't. Why, I've made enough mistakes to be rich if I could profit by them."—Chicago Post.

SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT.

"Why, George, what an enormous pile of letters," exclaimed the bride of a week. "Billets doux, I suppose."

"No, my dear," replied the other half of the sketch. "They are billies overdue."—Chicago News.

HARMONY DESIRED.

Knippe—"Why did Johnson hire all such portly people for his servants?"

Tucque—"He says that his wife insisted upon having them like that, so they would match her new heavy dining-room furniture."—Syracuse Herald.

SOPORIFIC.

Mrs. Sharpe—"My husband's been troubled with insomnia terribly of late, but he got some sound sleep last night."

Mrs. Nexdore—"Some new medicine?"

Mrs. Sharpe—"Well, yes. I told him I was sure I heard burglars down stairs."—Philadelphia Press.

EASY.

"Johnny, what's become of the jam?"

"Guess, ma."—New York Journal.

ALL MARKED DOWN.

"Oh, yes, he's saved a good many lives."

"Then I suppose he has saved a good deal of money, too?"

"No, he's poor."

"That's strange. How about the rewards from the grateful people he has pulled out of the water?"

"Oh, the trouble with them is that they put their own valuation on the goods saved."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.